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a large picture on the Mystery of the Eucharist, which he completed in six days, in such a way as entirely to satisfy his royal patron, who further employed him upon a portrait of himself, to be used as a model for the coin-dies in the mint. But the favor of the king could not make Vieira forget his early playmate, and he lost no time in repairing to the mansion of the Lima family, on the beautiful banks of the Tagus, where he was kindly received by the parents of Ignez, who never for a moment dreamed, that a painter could aspire to mix his plebeian blood with the *sangre azul* that flowed in the veins of the Limas. For a time, therefore, everything went happily, and Vieira spent his days in courting his not unwilling mistress, and in sketching the beautiful scenery around him. At length, however, the parents of the fair Ignez became aware of the monstrous fact, that the youthful artist had not only wooed, but won the heart of their daughter, and they lost no time in banishing him from their house, and shutting Ignez up in a convent. John V., the then reigning monarch of Portugal, had a fancy for choosing his mistresses from convents, and Vieira, thinking that he might have a sympathy with his case, lost no time in throwing himself at the foot of the throne, and entreating that the compulsory vows which Ignez had been compelled to take might be canceled, in consideration of the prior faith which she had sworn to himself. His application, however, was vain. The king probably thought, that the nuns ought to be a royal privilege, and refused to interfere in favor of a subject. Nothing daunted by this repulse, the enamored painter proceeded to Rome, and succeeded in obtaining from the Pope a commission directed to the Patriarch of Lisbon, requiring him to investigate the facts of the case; and the report of this prelate being in favor of Vieira, he was at length made happy by a papal bull, annulling the conventional vows of the fair Ignez, and authorizing her marriage with her lover. But here an unseen obstacle presented itself. The painter had neglected to obtain the approbation of the civil power in Portugal previously to prosecuting his suit in Rome, causing a delay for six years longer, until the affair should be forgotten in Lisbon. During this period he was elected a member of the Academy of St. Luke, and was a popular and well-employed artist. At

the expiration of the six years, he returned to Portugal, to claim and wed the bride for whom he had waited so long, and ventured so much. He found her still confined in the Convent of Santa Anna, and jealously watched by her relations. But Vieira was not a man to be daunted by difficulties or dangers: disguised as a bricklayer, he obtained access to the convent, and mingling with the workmen, he contrived to obtain an interview with Ignez, and communicated to her a plan of escape, which he afterwards successfully carried out, bearing his lady off on horseback, and disguised in male attire. The lovers were, however, closely pursued, and Vieira was wounded by a pistol-shot fired by the brother of Ignez, an injury which he afterwards avenged by generously relieving his wants when reduced to a state of beggary. On escaping from their pursuers, and reaching another bishopric, Vieira produced another papal dispensation, and he and Ignez were at last married. Their union, so often deferred, was long and happy, enduring for forty-five years. Vieira afterward resided from some time at Seville, and was subsequently employed by the king of Portugal, in the decoration of the vast convent-palace of Mafra, and appointed painter in ordinary, with a liberal salary. He was by far the best native artist, and resided for nearly forty years in the capital, painting with much assiduity and success. Many of his works perished in the great earthquake of 1755, but some of the best escaped. He was a distinguished architect, and a competent engraver, as well as a skillful painter; and after the death of his beloved Ignez, which took place in 1775, he beguiled his grief by writing and publishing, at Lisbon, in 1780, a poetical autobiography, bearing the somewhat pompous and arrogant title of the "Distinguished Painter and Constant Husband." Upon the death of his wife, he gave up painting, and spent most of his time in a retreat called Beato Antonio, in the exercise of meditation and prayer, dying at Lisbon, in 1783, at the age of eighty-four, "with good men's praises for his epitaph," and a high reputation for charity and devotion.

— There are some lessons which adversity will be sure to teach us, and among others this—that goodness in a woman is more admirable than personal beauty.

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.

BY WM. H. LYTHE.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."—SHAKSPEARE.

I AM dying. Egypt, dying,
Ebb the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark. Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arm, oh ! Queen, support me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Listen to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore:
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman—
Die the great triunvir still.

Let not Caesar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low ;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow.
Hear then, pillow'd on thy bosom,
Ere his star shall vail its ray,
Him who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw the world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her: say the Gods have told me—
Altars, augurs, circling wings—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of Kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian !
Glorious Sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Caesar crown and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine,
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Hark ! the insulting foeman's cry :
They are coming—quick, my falchion !
Let me front him ere I die.
Ah ! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell,
Isis and Osiris guard thea—
Cleopatra ! Rome ! farewell !

BIRDS.

BIRDS are singing round my window,
Tunes the sweetest ever heard;
And I hang my cage there daily,
But I never catch a bird !

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long;
But they will not hold their pinions
In the little cage of song.